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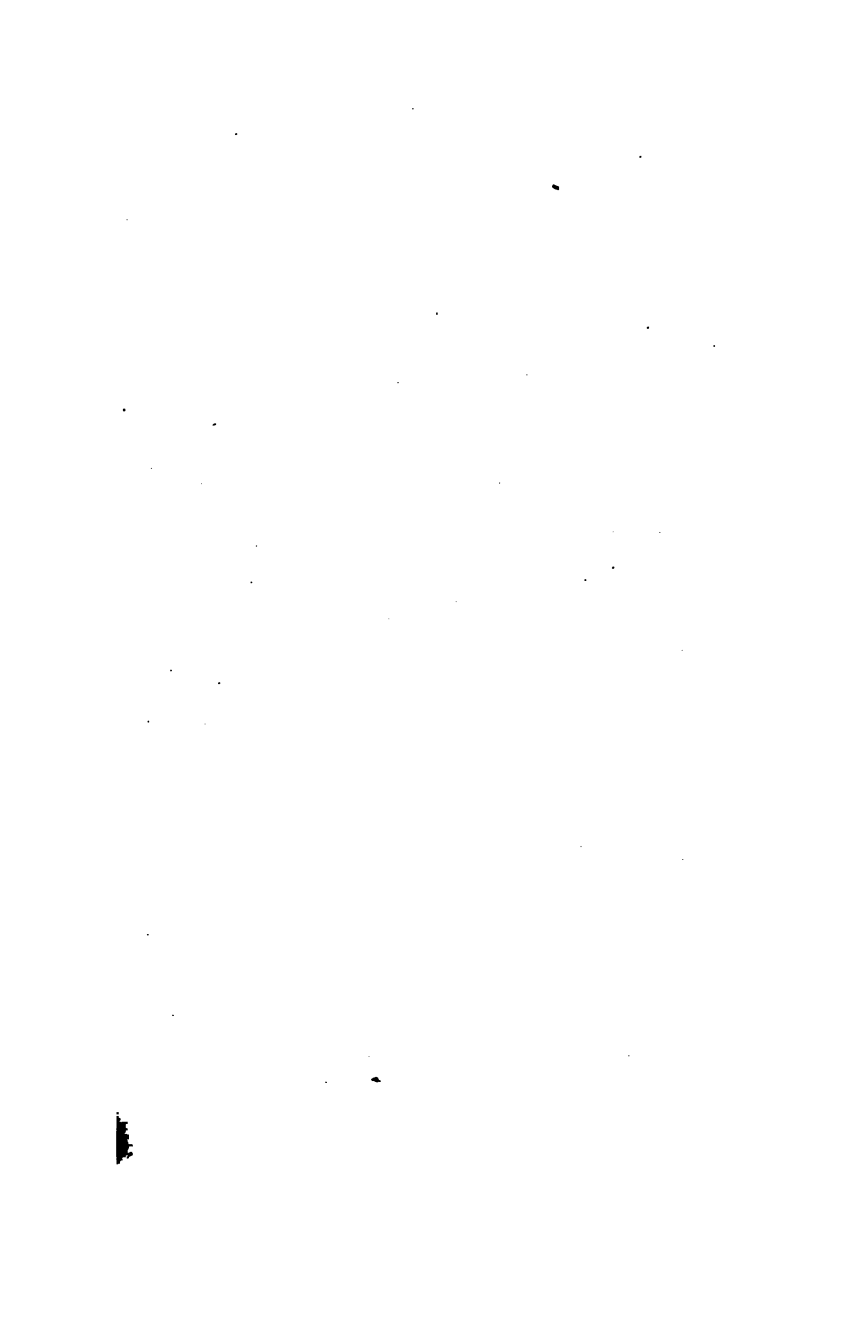
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IN THE SHADOW.



IN THE SHADOW:

Poems.

BY

HELLMUTH.



LONDON:

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IN THE SHADOW.



PULVIS ET UMBRA.



WHAT then is Man !
Who shall declare ?
Body and Soul—
Dust and Air.

Grass of the field,
Verdant to-day,
Withered to-morrow
And cast away.

Foam of the wave,
Argent and or,
Bursten and broken
And seen no more.

A gilded dream,
A phantom strayed,
A mote in the beam,
And nought in the shade!

AT A BALL.—I.



PIPING and fifing and laughter,
 Revelry, galaxy, tune !
 Psaltery, sackbut, and dulcimer,
 Rebec, theorbo, bassoon !

Nimble we trip to the measure,
 Yielding the soul to the sound ;
 Like the reel of the planets in heaven
 Racing around and around.

Happiness ? dotards have asked us—
 Happiness is not on earth !
 Who is come hither for happiness ?
 We are come hither for mirth.

AT A BALL.—II.



THE light how bright, and every face how fair !

What melody and gaiety are there !

How swift the mazes spin,

How joyous is the throng !

On every lip a song ;

A laugh each eye within ;

Yet e'en in melody and gaiety,

What heaviness of heart and vanity !

All these are fair ; hilarity is well ;

All joy that in the human sense doth dwell ;

All dance and song and laughter,

All beautiful and bright,

And multitude of light—

My soul, what cometh after ?

For slumber cometh, and the morn, and when
The morrow is, my soul, what cometh then ?

Day goeth forth, rejoicing in his strength,
And earth is glad again through all her length.

And thou, my soul, and thou,

What bringeth it to thee,

But sense of vanity

And heaviness of brow,

And weary waiting of the coming eve

That yet again shall bring to thee reprieve ?

In vain, my soul, in vain, thou quenchest thus
thy fire,

In vain, in vain, it ever will aspire—

Thou wert not made for this !

Look up, my soul, afar,

And choose thyself a star !

'Tis there alone is bliss.

When lips be mute and eyes be dark for ever,

'Tis there alone, the bliss that dieth never.

WHEN SATURN WAS KING.



How good was life, when Saturn was king,
Ere earth lay bare from end to end !
—Nought to be done but to dance and to sing,
And to take what gifts the gods might send !

All night we slept in the deep greenwood,
Large heaven over, large earth under us ;
Saturn was king, and life was good,
And never the skies of summer were
thunderous.

Ere the first bird was half awake,
Ere the first flush of cloudless dawn,
We had plunged in the bosom of a lake,
And danced with Dryads on the lawn.

And at noon, beneath the golden drape
Of an ancient broad-leaved towering vine,
We quaffed a draught of the generous grape,
—Not this poison men call wine !

Θαλαττα, Θαλαττα.



ALONG the level roads we plodded,
Thorough the country vile,
With palates parched, and aching feet,
Many a dusty mile ;

No wine, no water to be had,
And we were burnt with thirst ;
And so, footsore, tongue-charred, we went
Thorough the land accurst.

Before us rose a hill. We groaned,
With plodding well-nigh spent.
Howbeit, up the grievous slope
Right manfully we bent.

And when we won the summit—Lo !

Before us vineyards lay !

Broad leaf and clinging tendril, stretching

Many a league away !

And vintagers, who crushed the grape ;

And purple vats were foaming ;

O boon to thirsty travellers,

By noon of autumn roaming !

THE ONLY WAY.



I LAUGH at all things, that I may not weep.
For if one should weep, how should he end ?
All things are woe, from waking unto sleep,
And the heart aye broken who can mend ?

The cup is sweet, and the aftertaste is bitter ;
And joy is sorrow verily ;
The sun himself is—what but a far-off glitter ?
And life—what but a mummary ?

And so at all things evermore

I laugh.

In charnel-house, in banquet hall,

I laugh.

My heart is sick ; my soul is sore ;

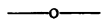
I laugh.

At bridal, or at funeral,

I laugh.

—That I may not weep.

FALSE.—I.



INSCRUTABLE and terrible——
And whereto shall I liken it—
The sea ?
Its tremor ; and its wrath ;
Its splendour ; and its joy ;
Its ways past finding out ;
Its riches and its robberies ;
Its gifts, and all its witcheries,
And everlasting cry.

Nought upon earth is like to it,
Nay,
But the heart of man.

And whereunto to liken it—
The heart of man ?

Uncertain, blown of every breath,
Vexed with unquiet everlasting ;
Ravenous, treacherous ;
With light upon its face and midnight at
its core ;
That calleth thee with laughter,
And swalloweth up.
And laugheth again and biddeth another.

Nought upon earth is like to it, nay,
But the sea.

FALSE.—II.

—o—

Dusky daughter of the South,
Come, poise the brimming pitcher,
Go, quench the garden's drouth,
Thine harvest shall be richer.

Her eyes full-orbed ope wide on me,
Twin stars of midnight glittering,
And beam on me and abide on me,
And musically tittering
I hear her hidden laughter.

Alas ! from light of day
Her beauteous visage shrouded is ;
And so my sun all clouded is—
O would some zephyr waft her
Envelopment away !

What, so ! a breeze perfidious
Flutters . . . she is *hideous* . . .

ANOTHER WAY.



WHEN on the soul of Saul,
As oft, did darkness fall,
And grief of life enthal,

Came a comely youth,
Whose heart was filled with truth,
And smote his harp of sooth ;

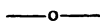
And care, and grief, and wrong,
Fled ; and his soul was strong
In right and might of song.

So, if on us there be
Sorrow, in harmony
Do doubt and darkness flee.

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GRIEF IS FOLLY.



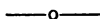
WEEP not, weep not ; why do you weep ?
Heaven is high, and the seas are deep ;
And earth is wide.

O is it not, this world of ours,
Bright with gems and birds and flowers,
Too large for grief ?

Look on the grass beneath thy feet,
With stars for the crown of an angel meet—
Why wouldst thou soil it?

Salt are thy tears, and for every tear—
Pale eftsoons and yellow and sear—
A blade will wither.

COMFORT.



MUSIC, music, O delay !
Once, O once again we pray,
Refresh us once again !
Let not yet your comfort cease,
Come with your murmur, give us peace,
Draw from our hearts the pain.

That ancient tale we know so well,
Olden memories, turn and tell,
O melody, return !
Shed that balm which aye imparts
Solace, for which our bruised hearts
Continually yearn.

Tell us of regions whence thou art,
Where strife and discord have no part,
 The farthest star above,
A journey far from the utmost star,
Where peace and truth enlinkèd are
 And deep-embosomed love.

AN ORGANIST.



Whoso would see a rare curmudgeon—look !
For here he cometh. Ever saw you such ?
Old wizened pippin-visage—mark him scowl
Under his mangy brows. There ! Did you catch
The green flash of his cat's-eye as he saw
This confluence of folk tight-packed to hear ?
Now hear him grunt and grumble as he fumbles
Amid his music-books, and mark him sit
A-sprawling outspread on his instrument—
For all the world some vermin of the air
Flat to a barn-door pinned !



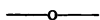
Pillar and arch, and vaulted roof and aisle
All, all are filled with flooding melody!
The volume wells and swells, and foams and
 flashes,
Wandering, rolling, tolling, roaring, soaring,
And wailing, failing, trembling, dies away.

* * * * *

What is yon creature? Erst I deemed him
 mortal.

Some demigod, some angel of the skies !

WHENCE AND WHITHER ?



NYMPH of music, where dost dwell ?

In leafy dell—

On lofty fell—

In twilight cell—

In slumbering well ?

Alas ! no mortal tongue can tell.

Whence are the notes

When the music floats,

Now lower and evermore lower, now higher and
evermore higher,

In magic bond

To the wizard's wand

And the charmer's spells on enchanted viol and
lyre ?

When the wizard absolves—
And the bond dissolves,
And the fluttering notes fly hither and thither,
Whither, O whither ?

THE RIPPLE.



O THE ripple on a moonlit sea !

We see thee once, and thou art gone,
One vanished glance we have from thee,
And thou art rippling on.

O the ripple on a moonlit sea !

Yestreen perchance did zephyrs roll
Thy wavelet past bright Italy,
And now thou seekst the pole.

O the ripple on a moonlit sea !

Soon wilt thou make thee wings to fly,
Ocean unquiet thou wilt flee,
And arch with gems the sky ;
O the ripple on a moonlit sea !

ASTROLOGY.



THE garden sleeps ; each breathing flower
Is folded in the dews ;
And all the dusk is odorous,
And every blossom slumberous
Sighs out her soul.

A single star looks through the trellis ;
And jessamine and myrtle,
And amaranth and eglantine,
About it softly cling and twine,
And asphodel.

O star, O nightly visitor,
O mute ambassador,
A message in thine eye doth glisten,
And here am I all rapt to listen ;
What wouldst thou tell me ?

Thy rede may be ineffable—
Thou art not there for nought !
And since thy tale thou canst not tell me,
Here will I gaze, until I spell me
My destiny.

SUNRISE.

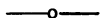


THE land is lying breathless ; o'er the star,
Yon star, that fainter, fainter, dies afar,
The quickening orient weaves a tender veil.
The heavens wane, paler and yet more pale ;
Thinner and yet more thin, fades the night.
Erewhile yon star, love's star, is lost in light.

Hillock and dell and grove and lawn await,
Hushed, the great King of Day. He comes, in
state,

Canopied o'er with crimson blazonment ;
Arras of gold bedecks the firmament ;
Fiery heralds flash the verge along ;
Forest, thicket, and mead, burst into song !

HE COMETH.



DULCET-BREATHING, balmy breeze,
 Bringing delight over the leas,
 Heavenly harbinger over the seas,
 Come to me ! tenderly, fleetly, come !

Not for the burthen thou dost bear
 Of eglantine and asphodel—
 Forsooth, I know them well—
 Not this, not this, the virtue in the air.

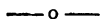


This morn a galleon from the south,
With milk-white pinions o'er the azure bay,
Kissing the billow-tops through the dancing
 spray,
Onward, northward, homeward, hitherward wings
 her way.

* * * * *

And ever doth zephyr to zephyr succeed,
And ever doth zephyr on zephyr arise,
And arrowy o'er the airy mead
Waft to my heart the delight of my eyes !

HE COMETH NOT.

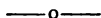


I WATCH for him at eve,
I watch for him at morn,
From eve to morn I grieve,
From morn to noon, forlorn.

At noon I watch the ways,
At morn I watch the sea,
At eve I watch the mountain top,
But never cometh he.

No ship upon the ocean,
No wain upon the way,
No traveller down the mountain path
In the sunset ray!

AT SUNSET.

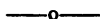


THE blue sea rolleth, bright and free,
Her breakers white and foaming,
And the bird on high is a joy to see
Abroad in heaven roaming ;

The mountain soareth peak on peak,
And the sun behind it sinketh,
Many a cloudlet, many a creek,
His hues of glory drinketh ;

The crimson light, the purple air,
Promise a gracious morrow ;
But all things lovely, all things fair,
Are sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

FINIS.



Yon peak that hides the west
Is dight with a gold tiar
Hovering o'er its crest,
A crescent beset with a star.

Not a ripple is on the moat,
One casement is gleaming alone,
One feathery cloud is afloat
Whose comrades have withered and flown.

Lo! the lattice flung round to the wall,
And the flash of a shape of white,
The waters up-leap at the fall,
And a shriek flies into the night.

The light in the lattice is dead,
The waters are circling still,
The cloudlet hath faded and fled,
And the moon is behind the hill.

ON REVIENT TOUJOURS.

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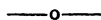
COME then, nymphs, and foot it featly,
Foot it by the lone seashore ;
He is dead who sang so sweetly—
Never singeth more.

And we, who wandered up still rivers
Following ever swiftly after—
Where willow weeps and aspen quivers—
Sounds of song and laughter,

We who followed bark and lyre
Underneath the burning beam
Or foaming firmament of fire,
Forsake the narrow stream ;

For he no more can hold us there,
Nor will we longer stray
Nor sport hereafter anywhere
From ocean's banks away.

NEMESIS.



WHERE are the wings of the hurricane wind ?
Where are the wings of the fire-tressed star
That swift in the whirlpools of darkness afar
Flings horror and flame on the gulfs of the night ?
The wings of Leviathan arrowy-finned ?
Give me them, give me them—fierce be my
flight !

Fierce as the torrent flung down from the
mountain ;
Fierce as the thunder on pinnaced crags,
Smiting to ashes the adamant flags ;

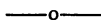
Fierce as the torrent flung down from the skies,
That herdsman and hamlet sucks up in his
fountain—

Let me gird me with terrible wings and arise !

In my right hand be death ; in my left hand be
terror ;

And might in my sinews to thunder and smite.
My robe shall be fear, and my vesture affright ;
And abroad will I go on the face of the land
To combat and conquer oppression and error !
O who in the wrath of my presence shall stand ?

AT ANCHOR.



BEHOLD yon ship as she swings on the tide,
With weather-beat pinions tattered and brown ;
Stately withal as a queen in her pride.

In the depth of the ocean her fastenings be ;
Far in unvisited caverns down ;
Steadfastly set in the heart of the sea.

Deep in the wondrous world unseen,
Where everlasting currents flow
Through everlasting twilight green.

Where corpses rock dark cradles within,
Where phosphor starlets bluely glow,
And dolphins fan with golden fin.

AWAY !

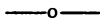


No more the purple headlands quiver
 Behind the burning haze ;
No more have we the silver nights,
 No more the golden days !

No more is ocean's mirror azure,
 The face of heaven is grey ;
Swift billows toss their heads of white
 And foam along the bay !

Then ho ! for the bark that dips and dances !
 Ho ! for the tightened sail !
And away ! as our light ship skims and prances
 Before the roaring gale.

THE SOUL'S FOOD.



I DEMAND for my soul a vast expanse,
I care not what, to gaze upon ;
Or earth, or sea, or sky,
Or marching of millions of men.
Fair fruitful plains, well watered, wooded well ;
Wastes of unfathomable surge ;
Blue meads of heaven, filled with sun
Or midnight glitter ;
Mortal multitudes ;
These my soul demands for pasture—
These feed my soul, impart to her
Life larger, fuller.

STILLNESS.



IN the thick of the forest at eve,
When nightfall husheth the wood,
When glimmering thickets deceive,
When earth draweth over her hood,
Breathless the awe cometh o'er us
At the fathomless stillness before us.

When from tumult the hurricanes cease,
And wrangle and combat no more,
When the slumbering surge is at peace—
Scarce troubles one stone on the shore,
Breathless the awe cometh o'er us
At the fathomless stillness before us.

But not forest, nor heaven, nor ocean,
Reft of their turbulent life,
And laid without voice, without motion,
In oblivion of wrath and strife,
Make stir in the spirit so deep
As the lull of a city asleep.

NIGHT AND DAY.



YON Sun, just bursting from the main
Hath darkness following in his train ;
For e'en while here he gilds the shore
In lands which late his glory wore
Oncoming night hath closed his fading
pathway o'er.

Yon Sun, just plunging through the deep
Awakes a thousand souls from sleep,
Flames on a thousand distant peaks,
Kindles to song a thousand beaks,
Again in other waves his death and birth
reseek.

And partners thus the Night and Day
Fare on for aye their destined way ;
Neither his fellow-help encumbers ;
Day revives the freshened numbers,
Night behind him brings the weary host
their slumbers.

LOOKING DOWN.



UP the winding stair
Round and round we go,
Gain at length the air,
And view the scene below.

Pigeons flit and sweep
Round yon belfry high,
Through whose windows peep
Distant hills and sky.

Floods the lowering sun
Street and tree and wall,
Turrets every one,
And sloping housetops all.

Raised above the town,
As though not of this earth,
On its bustle down
We gaze, with passing mirth,

To think, as mid each scheme
Our paltry fuss we ply,
What mannikins we seem
Regarded from on high!

FROM DUSK TO DAWN.



FLED are the sunny hours,
And heaven is a posy
 Of flowers,
Or, azure, vert, and rosy.

Alas ! that they too fly,
And droop, and wane, and fade,
 And die
Like all things that are made.

Beyond the gloom, afar,
Lustrous and broad and keen,
 A star
Gemmeth the hem of e'en.

Alas ! she too hath fled,
No more her radiance giveth—
Dead !
As everything that liveth.

Above her doth the moon
Generous argent shed ;
But soon
She too is fled and dead !

Great gentle night aloft,
Enfolding all the pole,
Is soft
And gracious to my soul.

Ah me ! her garment riven
Before the garish East
Is driven,
And evermore decreased.

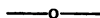
Fled are the darkened hours !

And heaven is a posy

Of flowers,

Or, azure, vert, and rosy.

SEHNSUCHT.



YOUTH, eternal youth !
And a life of golden glow !
And love's perennial fountains—
Whither shall we go ?

These, O these, we seek—
The right and might of truth,
And love's perennial fountains—
And youth, eternal youth !

O love, O life, where are ye all ?

And whither shall we go

For beauty and beatitude

And a life of golden glow ?

* * * *

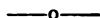
Aloft the day-beams march,

Aloft the spirits call,

Aloft, aloft, and there

Aloft ! there are ye all.

EVEN SO, COME.



CARMEL and Tabor stand
Cloudless above the land ;
And Anti-Lebanon,
And Lebanon.

Into the skies of fire
Hermon soareth higher ;
No wreaths of holy dew
His brow imbrue.

Peace on the reedy deeps
Of secret Merom sleeps,
And on the sacred sea
Of Galilee.

Not a song, not a voice, not a sound.
Silent are all around,
Hushed in the awful swoon
Of deathly noon.

They await, out of the blue,
The blessed Coming new,
And the sound of a voice that sings,
And a sound of wings.

GLORIA MUNDI.



With azure floods the world is belted,
And girt with thunder,
And azure floods are over her,
And azure floods are under ;

For vesture hath she garment woven
Of gloom and splendour ;
She is a golden argosy,
And argosies attend her,

The sun and moon and host of heaven
In glory o'er her,
About her and beneath her,
Behind her and before her ;

Yet she, when sudden trumps proclaim
The utmost day,
In a blast of fire shall blaze, and blacken,
And shrivel, and pass away !

•

WHERE ?



I WALKED in the wood,
When the wood was green,
And I paused and stood
In the midst of the sheen,
And I said to my soul
These things are fair ;
But to me my soul said,
It is not there.

I walked by the sea,
When the seas were blue,
And the winds were soft,
And the foam was dew,
And I said to my soul,
These things are fair ;
But to me my soul said,
It is not there.

I gazed at the sun,
When the sun was red,
And the clouds each one
With splendour fed,
And I said to my soul,
These things are fair ;
But to me my soul said,
It is not there.

I gazed at the sky,
When the skies were night,
And the infinite height
Of the infinite light,

And I said to my soul,
 These things are fair ;
And to me my soul said,
 It is not there.

NO MAN KNOWETH.



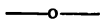
WILL it be on a fair white bed,
Some quiet morn of spring,
When every tree is musical
And buds are blossoming,

And through the open casement wafting
Many an old perfume,
The new-born zephyrs breathe my brow
And love of life relume ?

Or on some dark and dreary moor,
The heart's blood ebbing fast,
The lithe assassin fleeing far,
And none to gaze aghast ?

Or when the purple storm-cloud gathers—
By a bolt out of the sky
Smit down, sudden and unaware—
That I shall die ?

RELEASE.



I HAVE no further need of thee,
 My body, now.
For now afar from earth I flee,
 To realms unknown.
And soon shalt thou
Within thine ancient mother-mould
 Be deeply sown ;
—While I be learning things untold.

And this my ghostly feeble hand
 Which oft did toil,—
This foot which oft hath trod the land—
 Will soon be hid

Beneath the soil.
And drooping o'er this eye shall fall
 The heavy lid,
As o'er the day the nightly pall.

They shall be buried deep ; and feed
 In endless change
Water and earth and beast and seed—
 'Tis all to me
So passing strange !
My breath shall join the winds on high—
 And I be free,
Free of my bonds ! when I shall die.

A PRAYER.



WHEN I shall die, if I shall die—
(Who knows if he shall die
Ere earth and heaven, at trump of doom,
In fiery fragments fly ?)

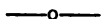
Let it be morn, and let the grove
Be filled with melody
Of merle and mavis and philomel
Carolling joyfully.

Or let it be night,—and brazen cymbals,
And tambourine, and drum,
Viol and fife and silver trumpets,
Under my casement come ;

And let them all once begin—
No longer shall I fear
To fare upon my journey forth,
With music in mine ear ;

Elate, aloft on wings uplifted,
All purged from earthly dole,
To soar—with music in mine ear,
And music on my soul !

ASPIRATION.



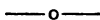
ABOVE the world, in all the lofty ways
Whatever is most holy and most high.
So let us live, so let us draw our days,
For ever higher, holier, till we die.

All that is pure, all that is sacred, all
Noble and brave and generous let us be,
Before our feet let darkness flee and fall,
Before our feet let sin and sorrow flee.

Clothe us about with light and might and love,
Amid the darkened ways of men to go,
Amid and of and with them, yet above,
Enlightening, succouring, banishing woe,

For ever onward, upward, journeying
In love and triumph and illumining.

THE SUNFLOWER.



HE goeth forth, rejoicing in his race,
The sun who bringeth all things, shine and
shower ;

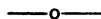
With upturned gaze, aye following his face,
The Helianth uplifts her sacred flower.

For ever, image of Jerusalem,
Where His beloved anxious watch the hour
That bringeth Him and all things back to them,
With steadfast hope she winds her holy flower.

And when He lighteth on His hills, the Lord,
Glorious all, arrayed in love and power,
She too shall have exceeding great reward,
She shall have wings and fly, a blessed flower.

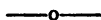
She was His image here on earth, and now
Shall be with Him for ever. Such be thou !

SILENCE.



SILENCE, thou art as the insatiate sea,
 That myriad spoils hath locked within his deep ;
 (Navies, before whose march did thunders flee,
 Beneath his unbetraying bosom sleep.)
 Or as that other sea, which hath no waves,
 Whose ripples quiver everlastingly,
 Within whose bottomless chasm lost stars find
 graves,
 Great night's blue ocean, unstained, unbillowy.
 As heaven drinks stars, as sails are gorged of
 seas,
 So over song thine ancient lips are clenched.
 But say, wilt thou restore those harmonies
 Thy robberies heaped since chaos until now ?
 Yea ! though stars vanish, yet they be not
 quenched,
 Sea shall give up his dead, and so shalt thou .

THE UNDISCOVERED ISLE.




SOME isle, whose gentle seas are ever blue,
Where softest zephyrs breathe ambrosial rest,
Whose cloudless heavens preserve unchanging
hue,

Where fathomless groves o'erarch the lawn,—
How blest !

And round about the brink of pearly shore
In peace the surges beat, forevermore !

The noise of men, the toils of men, afar !
With all the foolish fever of the earth,
Their ceaseless fret, aye fleeing things which are,
Pursuing things which are not, or not worth !

And there, embosomed in the tranquil main,
Beneath the tranquil heaven's azure bay,
Let us awhile from earthly life refrain,
And earthly wrath and earthly heat allay.



BELLS IN THE GLOAMING.



THIS dewy eve, the last of dewy May,
 (O mournful close ; yet harbinger of June ;)
 What joyous ever wonderfuller tune
 Swims on the dusk, and tones, and sinks away ?

The light was fire, but faded into grey,
 And all is sad, and will be sadder soon.

* * * * *

Never !—Yon tower sends out a boon ! a boon !
 And the dusk is glad, and all the gloaming gay !

For a peal of bells with rapture danceth singing,
Deep, mighty-mouthed, sonorous, flinging,
 swinging

Vast brazen throats that set the welkin ringing !

Ten tongues of music shed on all things
• glamour ;

Sudden amidst their jubilee of clamour

Are stricken dumb. And silence doth enamour.

AFTER RAIN.



THE leaden rack disparts and flees asunder,
Smit through and through with fiery shafts of
power,
And all the gardens gleam with gems of shower,
A rapture, and a glory, and a wonder ;
High the unsullied azure flames, and under
More gorgeous hue enwraps each radiant bower,
Weft of all buds that summer hath for dower ;
Afar, deep mutters the departing thunder.
The sun declines adown his pathway golden,
Going to view dominions un beholden,
And after him come night and silence olden.
Hushed is the vesper hymn of all creation,
Obeisant in awe and adoration ;
And dusk descends, with rest and renovation.

TWO OF A TRADE—



" O SHALL I win the badge to-day,
The baron's livery green,
See his lit eye and hear him say :
Marksman sure and keen,

Be thou mine henchman trusty and true ? "
The baron with array
Is on the heath ; he bids fall to
To shoot the popinjay.

And gathered there is all the craft
Of all the country side ;
Hot is the air with hissing shaft
From noon till eventide.

Alack ! for Bertram was not best.

Sudden tremor shed

Mist on his sight, and heart oppressed.

Elfine ! thine eyes misled.

AFTER.

—o—

THE palm-tree waveth, gently, gently,
His shadowy hair,
His shadowy tresses waveth gently
In the summer air.

He overshadoweth, greenly, greenly,
A marble tomb,
And a marble shape that looks serenely
Out of the gloom.

In yonder mansion, yonder, yonder,
In the summer air,
She liveth, ah ! she liveth, yonder—
Too fair ! too fair !

But when she breathes delight no longer,
And it comes to pass
That earth shall know her face no longer,
Alas ! Alas !

And though she be no more, no more,
But passed and gone,
The palm-tree will be waving o'er
And waving on,

Ever o'ershadowing, greenly, greenly,
The marble tomb,
And the marble shape that looks serenely
Out of the gloom.

Yet when the tree no more, no more,
Is waving green ;
And the marble shape no more, no more,
Looketh serene ;

And the marble tomb is dust, is dust,
And ashes flying ;
—When tree and shape and tomb are dust
And ashes flying—

She in the meadows of asphodel
Shall be wandering ever,
In asphodel ! In asphodel !
For ever and ever !



AFTER DARK.



TWILIGHT glimmer hovers
Within the cathedral dim ;
Mute are psalm and anthem,
Litany and hymn.

Silence is all,
Till another Sabbath come ;
Dumb is the thundering organ,
The bell in the belfry dumb.


The sexton turns the key,
That battener on the tomb ;
And pillar and arch and aisle
Are given unto gloom.

Fainter and fainter on the gravel
Grates the tread
Of that dark husbandman
In meadows of the dead ;

Deeper and deeper and deeper
Darkens all the wold ;
No whisper from the village ;
No tinkle from the fold.

And they arise.
Out of each mound suspire,
Lurid and livid and baleful,
Wavering fumes of fire,

Vaporous, luminous,
Tremulous, azurous,
Sulphureous, diaphanous,
Cadaverous.



No visages have they,
No form, no feature ;
They wear not semblance
Of any creature.

In pale procession troop they
Into the house of prayer ;
Each to his wonted session floateth,
And boweth there.

One soareth to the organ ;
And toucheth tenderly,
To living ear inaudible,
Sad melody.

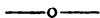
And in the pulpit flickereth
A ghastly vapour,
Like as doth in the socket
The last flame of a taper :

That is the minister,
And he delivereth
An homily :
The Use and Purposes of Death.

So all night long the glimmering ghosts
In ranges sit,
For prayer and praise and preachment.
But swift they flit,

At the first cock-crow,
And the rift of dawn,
Each to his mansion
Under the dewy lawn.

THE THREE SAMARITANS.



ONE eve a travel-weary dame,
Travelling wearily,
Sank in a swoon, all overspent ;
Her name was Charity.

The country was Samaria,
And there, beside the way,
With upturned face, and eyelid shut,
All white and dumb she lay.

But presently along the path
A good Samaritan
Came by upon a goodly mule ;
He was a kindly man.

And when the fainted dame he saw,
He was filled with pity,
And quoth, The beggarwoman sleepeth
Far from any city ;

And straightway bade his serving-man
Halt upon the way,
And bade him drop a golden ducat
Near her as she lay.

And onward fared he full of joy,
And to himself did say,
Thank God, a good deed I have done ;
I have done well to-day.

Then afterward another one,
A good Samaritan,
Came by upon a goodly mule ;
He was a kindly man.

And when he saw that faint woman
 Upon the pathway there,
Quoth he, Mayhap with travel spent—
 She hath not tasted fare—

Doubtless hath she, fasting, far
 Wandered, many a rood :
And with that he bade his serving-man
 Set beside her food.

And onward fared he, sad at heart,
 But to himself did say,
God grant that she may gather strength
 To go upon her way.

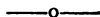
But all the while withouten life
 Beside the stony way,
With eyelid shut and upturned face
 All white and dumb she lay.

When lo there came another one,
A third Samaritan,
Another man upon a mule,
Another kindly man.

But when he saw her pale and dumb,
O he was red for shame,
And lifted her and rode with her
Aback, the way he came.

And took her to an hostelry,
And tended her amain,
And set her forth upon a mule
Upon her way again.

LIFE.



SIR BERTRAM rode by tower and town
When all the meads were filled with flower ;
The skies were blue, the woods were brown ;
Sir Bertram rode by town and tower.

The woods were brown, but Bertram saw
A thousand buds and leaflets springing,
And round about him heard in awe
With thousand throats the woodland ringing.


But Bertram rode by town and tower,
And soon he heard a maiden singing,
And straight forgot he meads of flower,
And bursting buds and woodland ringing.

The maiden sings with such a grace,
Her eyes flash out black fire and glisten,
He ne'er hath seen so fair a face,
And fain is he to pause and listen.

But Bertram rode by tower and town ;
He rode upon the quest alway,
Whereof eternal joy is crown ;
And sad at heart he rode away.

Sir Bertram rode by town and tower,
By brook and mountain, ford and fell,
By day, by night, in shine, in shower,
By hill and hillock, dale and dell ;

By grove and lawn and waste he went,
Nor ever paused to halt and rest,
Forêver on his purpose bent,
Yet ne'er he gat his holy quest.



And so he said : Alas, alas,
In vain around the world I hasted,
For this is all hath come to pass,
My strength is spent, my days are wasted.

I mind me of a maiden fair,
Her eye was fire, her voice was honey,
O thither back let me repair,
The land where all is song and sunny !

To see her face is all I ask ;
There to repose in song and sun,
In song and sun myself to bask
Until my earthly days be done.


Then back Sir Bertram rode apace,
And sought that maiden everywhere.
—In vain he sought that maiden's face,
—Ne'er could he find that maiden fair.

Where'er he came, he asked the folk :
Where doth this beauteous damsel dwell ?
Forever they in answer spoke :
Sir Wanderer, we cannot tell.

By hill and mead, where'er he came,
By waste of moorland, waste of snow,
Ever the answer rose the same,
Sir Wanderer, we do not know.

And on he rode by town and tower,
Waste and mountain, marsh and shore ;
By lake and river, grove and bower,
Onward rode he evermore.

And he grew old, and he grew gray,
His ear grew dull, his eye grew dim,
More feeble grew he day to day,
And daily death came nearer him.



And now it was the wintertime,
And all the air was void of light ;
The woods were black, and pied with rime,
And heaven was gray, and earth was white.

He saw a cot ; he knew it well ;
And thither straightway did he wander ;
But when he said, Here doth she dwell :
A woman spake, and pointed—Yonder.

And there upon a snowy heath
Where she bade him, wandered he.
He saw a slab, a cross, a wreath,
And on the slab was writ, *Ci gît*

THE EREMITES AND THE ANGEL.

A Morality.



[The scene shall be laid on this wise : there shall be a plain, and sheep feeding thereon, and a shepherd tending the sheep ; and in the distant parts a city ; and on one side a cavern, half-way up the slope of an hill.]

Time : Evening ; afterwards Night ; then Morning.

WENCESLAS, above.



I.

SHEPHERD sings.

Who so glad as a shepherd ?

Who so gleesome as I ?

I laugh at the sun, and I laugh at the rain,

And the days slip blithely by !

I have no care, not even this—

To watch my faithful sheep ;

And the sun goes in, and the stars come out,

And I lay me down to sleep.

*[Sleeps. But presently enter certain
pirates which do drive away his flock.]*

II.

Morning.

Enter a Farmer, with a mattock.

FARMER.

Ho, shepherd, ho ! where art thou ? What, in
sloth and sleep !

Wake, shepherd, wake, and tell me, where are all
my sheep ?

SHEPHERD.

O mercy, master, mercy ; where are they, O
where ?

Yestreen I fell asleep, and then the sheep were
there.

FARMER.

And wilt thou tell me this ? O shepherd, O thou
liest.

Rogue, rascal, villain, thief, thou diest then,
thou diest !

[Smiteth him, and leaveth him dead.]

III.

WENCESLAS, *above*.

Is God a living God, and doth He reign and
rule ?

Is Heaven indeed His throne, and earth indeed
His stool ?

Here in a cave abiding, I have worshipped Thee,
But and if indeed Thou reignest, how can this
thing be ?

Yon shepherd lieth slain, who did no wrong at all,
If Thou wert King indeed, how should this thing
befall ?

An eremite no more, henceforth I wend my way
The like of other men, and lead my life as they !

IV.

WENCESLAS, *on the plain.* To him, an ANGEL.

ANGEL.

Now whither, Wenceslas, I prithee tell me,
whither?

WENCESLAS.

Behold yon city, sir; my journey leads me
thither.

ANGEL.

I am a son of God, together let us fare.
The Lord hath sent me forth to travel with thee
there.

WENCESLAS.

So be it, sir.

[*They go their way.*]

[A chamber, whereof the door is open to the wayside. On either hand, an alcove, with a bed. In a cradle there is an infant sleeping.]

RUPERT *within.* WENCESLAS and ANGEL
without.

I.

ANGEL.

Good Rupert, honest sir, two wanderers are
here,
Say, wilt thou bid them in, and give them of thy
cheer?

RUPERT.

Ay, marry, that will I; while I have roof and
floor
I ne'er would turn away a stranger from my
door;

Then in, my gentle guests, and straight I will
prepare

My brightest delf, my reddest wine, my richest
fare.

*[And they enter. RUPERT sets a feast
before WENCESLAS and the ANGEL,
whereof having well eaten the three
withdraw to rest. When, about
midnight, the ANGEL riseth, and
stepping softly to the infant in the
cradle, presently choketh it to death ;
afterward stepping softly back.]*

II.

WENCESLAS.

Is it a son of God, which did this evil deed ?
Good Rupert bade us in, and gave us all our
 need,
And at this Angel's hand see how for thank he
 fares.
We have, I doubt me not, some devil unawares.

[*The ANGEL and WENCESLAS
go forth upon their way.*]

*[A hall, in the house of one STANISLAS ; a table
is spread, and STANISLAS, WENCESLAS, and
the ANGEL, are eating thereat.]*

I.

STANISLAS.

Look on this carven cup, with ruddy nectar
fraught,
This precious carven cup, with flying figures
wrought ;
The yellowest of ore, the purest of alloy,
Most marvellous of art, wherein I have my joy ;
Behold how deep within doth dwell a splendour
dim,
That flasheth into light upon the curving brim ;

Come, guests, look on this cup, it is a joy to see,
Come, eat your fill, and drink a draught thereof
with me. ✓

*[And when they have heartily supped, they retire
to rest well pleased with their host and his
entertainment. But by and by the ANGEL,
coming softly back, taketh away that golden
cup.]*

II.

WENCESLAS.

Is it a son of God which did this evil deed ?
Good Stanislas received us, gave us all our
 need,
And at this Angel's hand see how for thank he
 fares ;
We have, I doubt me not, some devil unawares.

*[He, and the ANGEL, go forth upon their
 way.]*

*[A certain water, and over the water is a bridge,
and on the bridge a beggar-man.]*

To him, WENCESLAS, and the ANGEL.

ANGEL.

Good morn, good brother, prithee, how to yonder
city?

*[And the beggar turneth him about to
direct them on their way. But the
ANGEL, seizing him by the shoulder,
straight pusheth him into the water.
He is drowned.]*

WENCESLAS.

This Angel is a fiend, withouten love or pity;
I know him for a fiend; it is the Evil One;

He is no son of God; what had this beggar
done?

How may I leave this demon? Leave him fain
would I,

Nor travel any more in evil company.

[Howbeit, they fare together.]

*[By the wayside is a vast house with a great
farm.]*

RUDOLF. *To him, the ANGEL, and WENCESLAS.*

—

I.

ANGEL.

For love of God have grace, and house us for
this night,
We are two wanderers, look on our weary plight.

RUDOLF.

Get hence, I will not house you ; off, and hold
aloof.

ANGEL.

O grant at least in grace the shelter of a roof—
The shelter of a roof, for love of God and grace,
Lest wolves and evil beasts devour us in this
place.

RUDOLF.

Behold a roof; an't please you, harbour with my
swine.

An't not, get hence; shalt have no other roof of
mine.

ANGEL.

Fair sir, so be it, with them let us sleep and sup.

*[And so they do. But presently, it being
now morn, they arise to take their
way; and the ANGEL, having sought
out RUDOLF, giveth him the cup.]*

Good sir, for sign of thank, we give thee this
fair cup.

RUDOLF.

What wondrous cup is this? With splendour I
am dazed.

O tarry! good folk, tarry! I am all amazed.

[But they have gone on their way.]

[*An open place.*]

WENCESLAS *and the* ANGEL.

WENCESLAS.

Good Stanislas did house us, gave us bed and
sup ;

This Angel rose by night and stole his golden
cup.

Churl Rudolf house denied us, harboured us with
swine ;

This Angel gave him thank, and said, The cup is
thine.

Now I perceive in truth no Angel bright is this,
No minister of God ; the evil fiend, I wis.

O stranger doubly-damned, farewell, whate'er
thou art,

I walk with thee no more, henceforth I fare apart.

That hideous sin should wear such beauteous
guise, alack!

Thy face is white, thy hand is red, thy soul is
black!

ANGEL.

Yet hear me ere you go, attend me, Wenceslas,
For I will straight unfold why these things came
to pass.

The master slew the shepherd, though he had
no sin—

Unto the mind of man is mystery herein
And gross injustice done—but to eternal eye
This deed of murder was a deed of clemency;
For had this shepherd lived he would have after
done

A sin whereof there is no expiation;
And therefore did the Lord allow him to be slain,
That so he should not do the deed that he was fain.
The thief that stole the sheep and plundered all
the store,

Shall expiate his sin in hell forevermore,

And he that slew the shepherd evermore will strive
By act of charity, to save his soul alive.

Good Rupert lodged us well ; that eve I choked
his son.

I will expound thee fully wherefore this was done.
Before that babe was born, this man was
bounteous,

In alms and works of mercy ever plenteous ;
But when that babe was born, he heaped up
avarice,

To give him vasty riches ; which was sore amiss.

It was to his perdition ; but the babe is slain,

And now is he betaken unto alms again.

Good Stanislas with zeal entreated us ; I stole
At middle of the night his cherished golden
bowl ;

For ere the cup was made whereof he had such
glee

All earth did not contain a soberer than he,
But since the cup was made, its fashion made
him gay,

And he, for love of it, was drunken thrice a day.

For this at night I rose, away the cup I bore,
And now hath he become as sober as before.
We found upon the bridge an honest beggar-
man ;

Know thou, this poor man was a godly Christian,
Yet had I suffered him to go one furlong further
This beggar would have wrought on thee accursed
murther ;

But now his soul is saved and sits aloft in
glory :

Attend me one word more, and then I end my
story.

Churl Rudolf house denied us, harboured us *
with swine,

For this I gave to him the goodly cup for
wine ;

For sinners such as he a deadly gift is well ;
Hereafter evermore his soul shall sit in hell.

Consider well, O man, these things, and ponder
o'er ;

Keep closely shut thy lip ; blaspheme thy God
no more ;

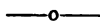
He blesseth you and curseth you ye know not
how ;

Return unto thine hermitage and keep thy vow.

*[Here the ANGEL is to lift himself off his
feet with his wings and fly into
heaven with great glory. The
Eremit standeth much astonished
awhile, and afterward turneth back
to his hermitage.]*

THIS IS THE END OF THAT MORALITY.

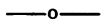
THE HEADSMAN.



ME all men shun and point the finger at,
I am accounted worst of evil things,
Less than a beast, because I am a man.
How often heaving swift the blade aloft
Would I the nape I sever were mine own !
But I was born unto this heritage.
And as my father wrought and his before him,
So too must I ; for were I not the headsman,
I was a headsman's son ! a cursed thing,
Defiled, abominable, all my days.
The foul assassin crouching in his alley,
To stab and flee, is better loved than I !

For me no man, no woman, hath a smile,
All lovely things, all joyful things, are banned,
A baleful shadow lies across them all.
My days are blackened, blasted ; O to end them !
I cannot bear them more, the visages,
The ghastly visages which are my dreams—
I have a phial here—
Come, gentle Death, sweeter than sleep !

BROTHER ARTISTS.



HE was my friend. Together have we wandered
Oft in the fields, at eventide, at midnight,
Oft in the dewy fields at blush of morn,
And through the greenwood in the depth of noon,
With book and pencil searching after beauty.
No ripple laughed, no slanting sunbeam stole
Betwixt the leaves, no curving river-bank
Swept round and swept away with umbrage
crowned,
No lissom bough leant over sombre pool,
But straight we wrote its like within our books.
O happy days ! O tranquil fruitful time !
When lightly, carelessly, we wandered, each

Enlightening, commending, urging each,
Far from the jealousy, the carping envy,
The fever of academy and school !
One aim we had, one end, and we were one,
Followed one star and never were apart—
Beauty, thou wert that star. O what a change !
He is my rival now, and our one thought
Who shall be foremost in a race, who first
Shall clutch the garland weft of Upas-leaf,
—Men call it Fame.

CROMWELL.

—o—

Cucullus monachum non facit—Ay,

It is not crown that maketh king—yet what ?

An he be king and hath not name of king

Lacketh his royalty not majesty ?

Some appanage is gone, some right, some
savour,

The colour of the flower, from kingship wanting

The outer semblance of a crown. True, shows

Be shows ; yet banish shows and who can see ?

They say : Call thyself king—and thy life is
worth

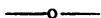
A moth's. New king, new regicide :

So be't. A king that cannot wear his head

Is proved thereby unworthy diadem.

Am I afraid of death ? If one can wear
The trouble of a realm, is it not easier
To kneel and lay it down before the headsman ?
And yet God knows I do not need this bauble—
'Tis a purblind people which hath need of me.
O foolish sheep, ye do not know your need !

DREAMS FROM EGYPT.



I.

THE East ! the East ! the glowing East ! Afar
Behind us setteth, like a troublous star,
The wrath and riot of the sullen West,
The toil and turmoil, and we are at rest !
Eastward and eastward and ever to the east
Fierce is our speed and momentarily increased—
—How doth the good ship burying her brow
Fling clouds of foam before her arrowy prow
Shorn from the summit of the rampant crest !
—Europe hath left us, and we are at rest !

II.

LAND of the lotus, land of eternal calm,
Papyrus green-haired and the basking palm,
Broad-branching figtree, fragrant sycamore,
And gorgeous eves, and harvests evermore,
Realm of the morn, embosomed in the sun,
Where the vexed soul with Heaven is at one,
We come to thee, to reap thy foison of joys !

Over the verge of earth, with all her noise,
Garrulous Europe sinks ; O blest release !
To thee we come, for silence and for peace.

•

III.

Out of the South — but no man knoweth
whence—

An ancient river drinketh life ; and thence
A thousand leagues exulting foameth she,
A thousand leagues, descending like a sea,
Betwixt the gates of Even and of Morn
A thousand leagues, by banks of cane and corn,
In many a coiling whirlpool, broad and brown,
A thousand leagues in cataract sweeps adown.

IV.

THE sun is up, and mounts his golden stair,
With level beam whitening all the air,
Bathing in glory minaret and palm,
And soft from the north bringing a breeze of
balm—

The north wind breathes, softly and silently,
One would not know, it breathes so tenderly.

V.

HAIL to the Prophet, mariners, and hail
To Him whose breath shall fill the floating sail !
Sing to the Prophet, mariners, and sing
To Him whose breath shall lift our waving wing !
Pray to the Prophet, mariners, and pray
To Him whose breath shall waft us on our way !
Heave at the rope, mariners, heave and haul,
Heave at the rope and pray and praise and
call !
So, winged with prayer, our going shall be
strong,
And joyous our voyage as a song !

VI.

THE white sail drops ; and veering from the
marge,

Into mid-torrent swings the chambered barge,
Bannered and canopied, feathered and finned,
Her blue-hemmed canvas rippling in the wind.
Gripped in the whirl, she yields a moment's
space—

'Tis but a moment ! Out of heaven they race,
The north winds, furious and free, and brace
The fluttering sail tense as a full-drawn bow !
Instant against the rushing foam we go,
Outspread like some huge bird with vasty vans
of snow.

VII.

THE bark is loosed : before us, many a vision,
Many an eve divine, many a noon elysian.

Behind us, all the fever, all the stress,
Of the sad sick outworn world dropped into
nothingness.

Whole realms may reel, and thrones totter and
fall,
Nor he that voyageth know aught thereof at all.

Lethe it is that floats our gilded hoy,
And whoso drinketh thereof forgetteth all but joy.

VIII.


THE sunbright sail towereth in the sky ;
The river banks glide by us noiselessly ;
The eddying water lappeth at our flanks
In cadence bubbling on the wattled planks ;
The green palm glints his feathers in the sun ;
Palace and house and hamlet drop past us one
by one.

The shadows shorten and the azure blancheth ;
The vertical floods of flame no cloudlet
stancheth ;
The smit moon at the zenith waneth wan ;
The hot air puffs and speeds us swiftlier on ;
To right of us and left of us a sea
Of undulant verdure and the desert broad and
free.

IX.

OUR faces are set to the South !
Already a splendour
Breaks on the cheek out of the golden world—
Already a glow on the sail
Of the fires that attend her
Deep in the South where she shall be furled—

Far in the farness,
Already the soul can discern
A glimmer, a gleam, and a glory
Of fiery suns and flaming moons,
And stars that burn
Wan nevermore or hoary !



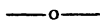
X.

IN that far land, in that meridian region,
Delight is manifold and joy is legion.
In that far land, the radiance of the heaven
Unto the Boreal dayshine is as seven.
In that far land, no sorrow can perplex us,
No hard thing weary us, no dark thing vex us,
For there the ruffled spirit—like a lake
Whereon antagonist tempests fulminant break,
Dun-coloured, miry, mottled with yellow spume,
Turbid and chafed and fretted into fume,
When the winds sink and dying soft away
The boisterous breezes lisp a roundelay

Whereto outdanceth many a golden ray
And full o'erhead breaketh the stainless day—
Again in azure sleeps from shore to shore,
And mirroreth the Heaven as before !

XI.

THE SPHINX.



I.

THOU knowest what we know not, thou that
gazest

With lifted eyes, afar, beyond the years.

Thou seest what we see not, and thou knowest
What none have known, and none shall know.

Time reels before thee ; evermore thou gazest
Upon the picture of the rolling years ;
What they have taken, what they brought, thou
knowest,

What they are bringing, thou dost know.

What hand hath set thee there, O thou that gazest
Across the void, on the departing years ?

What vanished voice hath bade thee watch ?

Thou knowest,

We know it not, and ne'er shall know.

II.

Many an ancient temple ruin razeth,
Unscathed he towereth, unscathed amazeth,
Immortally, immutably, he gazeth.

Serenely, tranquilly. No hopes, no fears,
Nor joy nor grief nor laughter. Nor no téars
To dim the picture of the rolling years.

All doubts may wrack the world, no doubt he
showeth.

Around him loud the stream of Being floweth,
We know not whence nor whitherward. He
knoweth.

Where voyage we, that pitifully go
Under the moon awhile, when th' utmost throe
Rendeth the tabernacle? He doth know.

XII.

DEEP in the South our sails are furled ;
The lights of Heaven shine and shimmer,
And up the Heaven creeps a glimmer,
A splendour, from the underworld.

Weird voices call from shore to shore ;
Myriad ripples glance and quiver ;
Beyond the rushing of the river
Great Memnon waits forevermore.

His coronal, in kingly calm,
Amid the choir of planets beareth
—And heaven like a glory weareth—
O'erhead, a solitary palm.

FINIS.



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